

**[Peter McDonald]**

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"PETER MC DONALD",

A TRUE STORY OF TO-DAY.

Written by Helen S. Hartley.

Up to the curb a large black bread truck was drive driven and from it jumped a tall handsome young man of twenty-four years, a bright, smiling boy, who seemed to be with no cares in the world, whose name was Peter Mc Donald.

He had a very fine education, having finished Spring Hill College. He afterwards went to another college in Louisiana, when he had to leave about five ears years ago. Peter had been motherless since he was a very small child, and during his last college year his father died, and so he returned to Mobile, equipped for a good position with one of the large firms of the City or elsewhere. Three long and bitter years of job hunting, hoping that luck was somewhere around the corner, he found that jobs were scarce, wages small and competition appalling. Weary of the incessant round of refusals, he finally accepted

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the job of selling and delivering bread from house to house, with no wages, and only a commission, which usually amounted to twelve dollars a week.

He was engaged to a lovely sweet girl, who had waited these many years for him and his hopes were that she would continue to do so, until he was able to marry her.

Together with his aunt, whom he lived with on South Conception Street, he was able to get along on his small income, while his 2 aunt had a little herself, from some old property, that was hardly paying for itself, as is the case with all old property today; but as long as they could meet their obligations "all was well", he said.

When asked how he liked his job, Peter's answer so symbolic of the person he seemed to be, he countered back: "Why of course, its fun, what else can I get?"

Each week day morning, he left the house at five A.M. going quietly so he would not awaken his aunt, whom he loved very much, for she had cared for him since he was a child and now that his father was dead, the two were alone. They were a very religious family, Catholics for generations; his forebears having come to Mobile one hundred and two years ago from Ireland.

He was off the wagon at about two or three o'clock in the after noon. It all depended upon the business he had, and home for a rest, a bath and off again for the evening's pleasure, which consisted of riding in his girl's car, as he did not have one, and going to the evening games of base ball and foot ball, as the case may be, both of which he was fond, having played on the teams during his school years. It seemed the sports had helped during those terrible years of job hunting, because he picked up small jobs playing on the small teams, helping at the fields where the games were held.

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He once held a job as life saver at one of our swimming pools, and taught the amateur swimmers to swim. His enthusiasm was so pronounced when he was talking of baseball, proved to me that he was indulging in a secret passion for professional baseball.

The time had come, that he must go, so on his truck he hopped again, with confidence that youth gives a happy nature.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: TALKED WITH Mr. Mc Donald in the residential district, which he was on his bread route.